POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY ROBERT BURNS k

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN.

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the ub-

tues of their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; *and threw her inspiring* mantle *over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.*

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with

you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to prefer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to awaken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harrassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant

glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4. 1787.

Extract from the LOUNGER, No. 97, *lately published in Edinburgh.*

"ROBERT BURNS, an *Ayrshire* Ploughman, whose Poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the country where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents—It is to be hoped, I do not assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view; to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellencies appears to deserve.

"In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to

urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford: These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause.

"It is not my intention to point out the various beauties interspersed in the following poems; the candid and discerning reader will easily perceive, with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught Ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

"Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul, which are sometimes the Muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It

may be, then, I shall [illegible], while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learned from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime, that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "*wood-notes wild*," possesses so much excellence.

"To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius

from the obscurity in which it had pined intimated, and place it where it may profit or delight the World; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority; to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride".

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE

TWA DOGS,

A

TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd once upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was kept for his Honor's pleasure;

His hair, his face, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whelpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nea tawted tyke, tho' o'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang*,
Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towsie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hunkies wi' a firl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' fnowkit;
Whyles mice and moudiewarts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in long excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a frape,
They sat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Lightfoot*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd awa.

Our Laird gets in his raxed rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his dents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie siklen purse
As lang's my tail, whase, thro' the flocks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie hocks.

Fine morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are fechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wae, bluffie wonder,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than any tenant man
His Honor has in a' the ha';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles their fash't enough;
A cotter howkin in a slough,
Wi' dirty stones biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch longer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
But how it comes, I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;

An' bainly chiels, an' clever hinnies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye'es neglectin,
How buff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespectin!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattie;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, pound their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
They view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,
They'r ay in lefs or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' reft's a fweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o'nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' focial Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' fleeds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young ones ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been so fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd;
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himself the faster
In favor wi' some gentle Master,
Wha ablins thrang a Parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his faul intention—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
At Operas an' Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,

To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *how tae* an' fee the world.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the route,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian Villa ſtarties,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then beuſes drumſie German water,
To mak himſel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the conſequential furrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signiouras.

For *Britain's guid!* for her deſtruction!
Wi' diſſipation, feud an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear ſir! is that the gate
They waſte ſae mony a braw eſtate!
Are we ſae foughten and hamſo'd
For gear to gang that gate at laſt!

O would they ſtay aback fae courts,
An' pleaſe themſels wi' country ſports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or ſpeakin lightly o' their Limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But wil ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can feer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

C Æ S A R.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wish na to envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
They've nae fair work to maun their bannes,
An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' groans;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' ay the less they have to fret them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dinner's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ry down want o' wark are cursit.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil hae mis them, yet uneasy;

Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're maud wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Nieft day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But here their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:

The *hum-chit* hummed wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *cows*, but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care:
There let him bause an' drap carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6. 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld *Scotch Drink!*
Whether thro' winplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let haggis Whom the hungry ate,
An' Ajax fat upthein ewnie hole,
An' Peafe an' Beans, an' ee or stone,
Performe the plain.
Leave me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chew her cood,
In foughs frenzy, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' hail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shine chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-drogg'd wi' pine and grievin;
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
Aft weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in *mealy*, fillet weed,
Wi' Gentles thou enclin thy head;

Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kithens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saints,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then *Burns*-wife comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Nea mercy, then, for aim or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughmen chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel
The strong forehammer,

Till block an' fuddle tingant mulcin,
Wi' dafome chuckin,

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter, bright,
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies fight,
Wea worth the name!
Nae Howdie gets a facial night,
Or pluck frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter-season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' bash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
To her warst foes.

Ye Scots, who wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chiefs, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like myself,
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wants to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gnaw torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *Whisky punch*
Wi' hearty mean!

O *Whisky!* soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses!
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a——!

Thee, *Ferintosh!* O holy lass!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an' hearty hoast,
May hit us a',
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha suck the *whisky stills* their prize!

Hand up thy han' Deil! once, twice, twice!
There, fling the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brimstone pies
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *cuddy gill*,
An' wouth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

* This was sung before the Air called the Scotch Mist, which, it is to be hoped, is forgotten by the Author.

THE AUTHOR's

EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*,

To the Right Honourable and Honourable, the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons.

Dearest of Distillation! last, and best!——
——How art thou lost!——

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our broughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honors hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechen out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Tell them whae has the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er fin' they laid that cursed imposition
On *Aquavitae*;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does oney great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack:
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw,
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thistle,
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle;

An' d-mn'd Excisemen wa bafite,
Britain a *Shell*,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or hempie shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
Thus dung in frayes,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honour, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cautie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,

An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
Ye wham heat in!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clauſe on clauſe
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dundas, a true-blue Scot I'ſe warran;
Thee, aith-detefting, chaſte *Hillhouse*;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarrant,
Dundas his name.

Erſkine, a ſpunkie Norland billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Hay*;
An' *Livingſtone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demoſthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouſe, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *lattle!*
Or faith! I'll wad my new plough-pettle,
Ye'll ſee't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither ſang.

This while shee's been in cranklous mood,
Her *hyt Millots* fa'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rinred-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L——d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
And rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' strnik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

You ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the cadie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Bozzuwell's*,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnock's,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul approach,
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, tho' a Minister grow dotty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claise,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude auld *Scotch Drink*.

In spite o' a' the thievish hass
That haunt St *Jamie's*!
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While *Rob* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-cluster'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blyth and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak off their Whisky.

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther!
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their hauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,

Till help—a foot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sicht is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gives him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In *faint hurrahs*.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season,
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye maistly yoke hether,
Till where ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR*.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poisnd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a minute layg and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun, owre *Galston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had mantectes o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, hagg'd an' thin,
An' sour as ony sloes.
The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, sweet lass,
'I think ye seem to ken me;
'I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
'But yet I cannot name ye.'
Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the hands,
'Ye, for my sake, has gi'en the lack
'Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

V.

'My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
'The nearest friend ye have;
'An' this is *Superstition* here,
'An' that's *Hypocrisy*.
'I'm gaun to *Holy-fair*,
'To spend an hour in daffin:
'Gin ye'll go there, you rankled pair,
'We will get famous laughin
'At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
'I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
'An' meet you on the holy spot;
'Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
There, swankies young, in braw brand-claith,
Are spaingin owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefe, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in mauchs wi' whang,
An' *farls*, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we fit our tuck,
  Weel heaped up wi' happence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
  An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
  On ev'ry side they're gath'rin;
Some carryin shals, some chairs an' stools,
  An some are busy bleth'rin
                Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to screen the show'rs,
  An' screen our countra Gentry,
There, *auow Jose*, an' twa-three wh—res,
  Are blinkin at the entry.
Here sits a raw o' tittling jades,
  Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' wabbler lads,
  Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
                For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin on their sins,
  An' some upo' their claes;
Anc curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
  Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a Chaplin fourth,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
On that, a set o' Chaps, at worth,
  Thrang winkin on the lasses
                To chuses that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For ****** speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G— present him,
The vera sight o' ******'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark! the *text* has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae longer;
Forgat the *rural judges* rise,
They cannna fit for anger:
opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jaw an' hearals
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
Or some auld Pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For *Moodie*, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While *Common-Sense* has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate**
Fast, fast that day.

* A street so call'd, which faces the *tent* in ——.

XVII.

Wee [illegible] nisk, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy nibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But faith! the bitchie wants a bikesh,
So, cannilie he hums them,
Altho' his carnal wit an' flesh
Like huffing-wife o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-stoup clatters:
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' long,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wauth that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gives us mair
Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it wauknis Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' fleer about the toddy.
On this ane's dreß, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations;
While some are cosie i' the neuk,
An' formin assignations
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L——'s ain strongest teuts,
Till a' the hills are rattlin,
An' echoes back return the shouts;
Black DOUBT is na sklatin:
His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' H-ll, where devils dwell,
Our vera "Sankhots harrow"*
Wi' fright that day.

XXII.

A' vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brimstone,
Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stone!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaring,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snoring
Asleep that day.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre long a tale to tell,
How monie stories pat,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the forms and benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae ile to ile they bother,
Till some ane by his bannet lays,
An' gi'en them't, like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae nething!
Sair need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw clothing!
O Wives! be mindfu' ance yourel,
How hanie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' mutlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some fwagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At flaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lassies strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' Sinners and o' Lassies!
Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.

DEATH
AND
DOCTOR HORNBOOK.
A
TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae cull to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true 's the Deil 's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I staggher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches:
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon begun to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set myſel;
But whether ſhe had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my ſtaff wi' a' my ſkill,
To keep me ſicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, againſt my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie ſwither;
An awſu' ſcythe, out-owre my ſhother,
Cleſe-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leiſter on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its ſtature ſeem'd long Scotch ells two,
The queereſt ſhape that e'er I ſaw,
For ſient a wame it had ava,
And then its ſhanks,
They were as thin, as ſharp an' ſma',
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are buſy ſawin*?'

* This rencounter happened in ſeed time 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' fun',
But nothing spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
'Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is *Death*,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to stop my breath;
'But tent me, billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' sklaith,
'See, there's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'To be mistear'd,
'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
'Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
'Come, gies your news!
'This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
'At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

'Sin' I begun to nick the thread,
'An' choke the breath:
'Folk maun do something for their bread,
'An' fae maun *Death*.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
'To stop or scar me;
'Till ane Hornbook's * ta'en up the trade,
'And faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye hen Jock *Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
'He's grown fae weel acquainted wi' *Buchan*†,
'And ither chaps,
'The weans hand out their fingers laughin,
'And pouk my hips.

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
'They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
'But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
'And cursed skill,
'Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
'D—n'd baet they'll kill!

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

'Twas but yestroun, nae farther gone,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' lefs, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care!
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

Hardcastle was by, wi' ready ear,
And had fae fortify'd the part,
That when I louted to my dart,
It was fae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a butt-tront.

I drew my scythe in fae a fray,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

E'en them he cannot get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just sa— in a half-thole and send it,
As foon's he smells 't,
Baith thole-distafe, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

'A' kinds o' horses, mares, an' fillies,
'He's fare to hae;
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
'As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
'True Sal-mirabilis o' the seas;
'The Farina of beans and peas,
'He has't in plenty;
'Aqua-fontis, what you pleas,
'He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
'Urinus Spiritus of capons;
'Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
'Dumfie'd *par fa*;
'Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
'And many mae.'

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* * now,'
Quoth I, 'if that these news be true!
'His brew calf-wand whare gowans grew,
'Sae white an' bonie,
'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
'They'll ruin *Johnie*!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the plough,
'Kirk-yards will fain be tilled enough,
'Tak ye nae fear:

* The grave-digger.

'They'll a' be tench'd wi' many a sheugh,
'In two-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair fine-death,
'By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
'This night I'm free to tak my aith,
'That *Hornbook*'s skill
'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
'By drap and pill.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,
'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
'When it was sair;
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,
'But ne'er spak mair.

'A country Laird had ta'en the batts,
'Or some cursuring in his guts,
'His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
'And pays him well,
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
'Was Laird himsel.

'A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
'She trusts herself, to hide the shame,
'In *Hornbook*'s care;
'*Hurn* sent her aff to her long hame,
'To hide it there.

'That's just a swatch o' *Hawkwel's* way,
'Thus goes he on from day to day,
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
'An's weel pay'd for't;
'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
'Wi' his d-mn'd dirt!

'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
'Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
'As dead's a herrin:
'Nieft time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
'He gets his fairin!'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rin'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd myſel,
And ſae did *Death*.

THE

BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

Inscribed to J. B*********, *Esq.* AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toon'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?

No! though his crutch forsine, he nimly flings,
And throws his hand unmeaning o'er the strings,
He glows with all the fire of the Bard,
Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward,
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he, trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bedew with grace,
When Poverty bedizzends his humble name,
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt thankfu, grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'T was when the flocks get on their winter-hap,
And stack and rape secure the tail-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, sleety breath;
The Bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toil,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs delicious spoil,
Seal'd up wi frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, flutter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What wonder, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some lit half-leng tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or hoply pressl wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
And *Wallace-Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crushing, o'er the glittering stream——

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

When, lo! on either hand the lift'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the Gos * drives on the wheeling hare;
Auce on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape upsteem,
The other flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Spirits that wore the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is no joke,
And hes the lingo of the spiritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the very devils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The verie wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd to be wi' Time hard warsl'd long,
Yet, stoughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
That he, at *Lowrie*, frae one *Adams* got;
In's hand five taper shaws as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls an' whirligigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vow'd and strong hoast hobbed:
Wi' thievish fingers to fix his wadfu' mien,
He, down the water, gies him this gaibie——

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

AULD BRIG.

I doubt, na, frien', ye'll think ye're mae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were flughit owre frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that dare, I doubt, ye'll mever tho',
There'll be, if that day come, I'll cast to hoddle,
Some frozen whigmaleerie in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just mock about it wi' your scanty sense:
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where two wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stone and lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
There's men o' taste won'd tak the *Ducat-stream**,
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic bulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' winsly pride!
This mony a year I've stood the shock an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy age I'm fairly forfeiten,
I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little kin about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
Or haunted *Garpel** draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snow-broo rows;
While crashing Ice, borne on the roaring spout,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' bridges, a' to the gate;
And from *Glenbuck*†, down to the *Rotten-hyt*‡,
Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down yn'll hurl, deil nor yn never rise!
And dash the gumlie jumps up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly touching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-allaring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut like precipices;

* The banks of *Garpel Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-fearing beings, known by the name of *Ghosts*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of Ayr.

‡ A small hunting-place above the large key.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures dreft,
With order, symmetry, or taste unbleft;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the *sound dead* continued be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was Sterling true devotion:
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unbleft with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy *Provosts*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smiters*;
And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers*:

A' ye dance folk I've been above the hour,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your fainin groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story:
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But fauntrel, cocky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
Wha wadna your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new *Brigs* and *Harbours*!

NEW BRIG.

Now hand you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muchle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Cadies and *Clergy* are a kind right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-world squad,
I maun needs say, comparisons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd sh'ir views in Bonds and Sasins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly dance'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses gleam'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rang,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sang.

O had *M'Lauchlan**, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd sooth'ing to the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advance'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow,
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Foal* wild-woody coverts hide:
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death,
At sight of whom our Spirits fought their kindling wrath.

THE

ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.

I.

K..... Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nafons;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swith to the *Leigh Kirk*, ane an' a,
An' there tak up your fittions;
Then aff to *B-gh-'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder*;
But O..... aft made her yell,
An' R..... fa' mifca'd her:
This day M'..... taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will bland her!
He'll clap a *sheugen* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to dand her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a scolding ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L——— to the *Leigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a floure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How gracelefs *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger;
Or *Phinas* † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
Or *Zipporah* ‡, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion;

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.

And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
  And punish each transgressor;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
  Gie them sufficient threshin,
                Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld K********, cock thy tail,
  An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
  Because thy pasture's scanty:
For lapfu's large o' *gospel-hail*
  Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick an' wale,
  No gi'en by way o' dainty,
                But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
  To think upon our *Zion*;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
  Like baby-clouts a-dryin:
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
  And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
  And a' like lamb-tails flyin
                Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
  Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately *F-ow-ch*, fair forfairn,
  Has proven to its ruin:

Our Patron, honest man!
He saw mischief was brewin,
And like a godly, chaft bairn
He's wal'd us out a true one,
And found this day.

IX.

Now R******* harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever,
Or try the wicked town of *Ar*,
For there they'll think you clever,
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver,
Or to the *N-th-st-a* again,
And turn a carpet-weaver,
Affrayed this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic two dunnas,
Auld *Hornie* did the *Leigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin bandsman,
And ay he catch'd the vilest wretch,
To fry them in his cauldron,
But now his Honor wha's dead,
Wi' a' his brimstone spontoons,
Pall, laft this day.

XI.

See, see auld Ovilbody's fate,
She's swingein thro' the city!
Mark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himself,
Embracing all opinions,
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions!
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair fend quarter;
M'cccccc, R[illegible], an' the boys
That Heresy can torture,
They'll gie her on a rope a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By the head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New-light* * mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

* *New-light* is a cant-phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE

CALF.

To the Rev. Mr. ———, *on his text*, MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2. 'And they shall go forth, and 'grow up, like CALVES of the stall.'

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf!*

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot!*

Tho', when some kind conubial Dear
  Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
  A noble head of *horns*.

And, in your lug, most reverend J——,
  To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
  To rank among the *Nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
  Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your humb—
  'Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

ADDRESS

TO THE

DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embatt'l'd Seraphim to war——

MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scald poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scald poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Grannie* say,
In lonely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortree comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' skeltin light;
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rush-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stour quaick, quaick,
Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whiffing wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, country wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, O! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' cruse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your mofs-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievious monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is:
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons* mystic *word* an' *grip*,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to h—ll.

Lang syne in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first wore paired,
An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, sniek-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a hizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reeſtit gizz,
Ye did preſent your ſmoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' ſklented on the *man of Uz*
Your ſpiteſu' joke?

An' how you gat him? your thrall,
An' brak him out o' houſe and hal',
While ſcabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warſt ava?

But a' your doings to rehearſe,
Your wily ſnares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue or Erſe,
In proſe or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckleſs hour will ſend him linkin,
To your black pit;
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' mend!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR's ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she cooft a hitch,
An owre she warff'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hugboc* * he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hugboc* like a ftatue ftan's;
He faw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething fpak,
At length poor *Mailie* filence brak,

'O thou, whafe lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' cafe!

* Neibor herd-callen.

My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But cast them out to pasture or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs and packs of woo'!

'Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them daily, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rigs o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets*!
To slink thro' slaps, an' rave an' steal,
At stacks o' peats, or stacks o' beil:
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears:

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

'My poor *tup-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content, wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear their cloots,
Like ither mensfeles, graceless brutes.

'An' neist my *yourie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy sel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest *Hughie*, dinna fail
To tell my Master, a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather.'

This said, poor *Maile* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead!

POOR MALIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close;
Past a' remeid!
The last sad cape-stone of his woes;
Poor Maillie's dead.

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That cou'd sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Maillie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Maillie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave herself wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lonely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Maillie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae gut o' *moorland* tips,
Wi' tawted hat, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae yont the *Tweed*:
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er crush'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha' first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wawe wi' crape
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon!*
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mailie's* dead.

TO

J. S****.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much——

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the fleeest, pankie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair nearer I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on every feature,
She's wrote, *the Man.*

Juſt now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerket up ſublime
Wi' haſty ſummon:
Hae ye a leiſure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to laſh;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' caſh,
Some rhyme to court the contra claſh,
An' raiſe a din;
For me, an *aim* I never faſh;
I rhyme for fun.

The ſtar that rules my luckleſs lot,
Has fated me the ruſſet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has bleſt me with a random ſhot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen afklent,
To try my fate in guid black *prent*;
But ſtill the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'I red you, honeſt man, tak tent!
'Ye'll ſhaw your folly.

'There's ither Poets, much your betters,
'Far ſeen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,

'Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
'A' future ages;
'Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages.

Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread:
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' inchanted fairy-land,

Where pleasure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,
Makes Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short wile it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
'In all her climes,
'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
'Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
'Till icicles hing frae their beards;
'Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
'And Maids of honour;
'And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
'Until they sconner.'

'A Title, *Dempster* merits it;
'A garter gie to *Willie Pitt*;
'Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
'In cent. per cent.;
'But give me real, Sterling Wit,
'And I'm content.

'While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
'I'll fit down o'er my scanty meal,
'Be't *water-brose*, or *mussin-kail*,
'Wi' chearfu' face,
'As lang's the muses dinna fail
'To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throw
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *wiose* thrills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn bases
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram stam boys,
The rattling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall hold me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang any where—
Then, *Jenny*, I shall sky me mair,
But quit my sang,
Content with *You* to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blame with reason;
But surely Dreams *were ne'er indicted Treason.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureat's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty!*
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!
My Bardship here at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Among the Birth-day dressis
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady;
'God save the king!' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said ay:
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you true ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie war been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right rest and clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it,
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire
To rule this mighty nation;
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted Ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaister,
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God! my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will*'s a true guid fellow's get,
A name not Envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d-fake! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonny Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geck
  Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
  And gie her for diffection!
But fin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,
  In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
  My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent!*
  While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment
  A simple Bardie gies Ye?
Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
  Still higher may they hesse Ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent
  For ever to release Ye
Free care that day.

X.

For you, young *Potentate o' W——*,
  I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
  I'm tauld ye're driving rarely!
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
  An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye hunk *Dissent's* pales,
  Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged Cowt's been mettle
To mak a noble *Aiver*;
Sae ye may doubtfu fill a Throne,
For a' their cliffs-ma-clawes:
There *Hiss* * at *Agincourt* wha shine,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' *Fanny*, quaer *Sir John* †
He was an unco shaver,
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——g,
Nane sets the *lovan shoon* sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your leg
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys o' Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious *Gallie* *, fleet and fern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falstaff. *See* Shakespeare.

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboun your grapple nirn,
An large upo' her quarter
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na *British boys* awa',
For Kings are unco scant ay;
An' German Gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But 'ere the *course* o' life be through,
It may be better sauted:
An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the *day* was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flinging-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin,
And heard the restless rattons squeek
About the riggin.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of Mr Macpherson's Translation.

All in this motty, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wastet time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
My cash-account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my wauhit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw,
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now blazin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hussie*, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I hold my wishes;
The infant aith, half-formed, wi' crafte,
I glowr'dna eerie's I hadna daffe
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blushe,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, beld-mingling, thaut
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
With furging foam;
There, distant thone Art's lofty boast,
The loudly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds;
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a Race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,

Bold ſtems of Heroes, here and there,
I could diſcern;
Some ſeem'd to muſe, ſome ſeem'd to dare,
With feature ſtern.

My heart did glowing tranſport feel,
To ſee a Race * heroic wheel,
And brandiſh round the deep-dy'd ſteel
In ſturdy blows;
While back-recoiling ſeem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him well!
Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic ſwell;
The Chief on *Sark* § who glorious fell,
In high command;
And *He* whom ruthleſs Fates expell
His native land.

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, coſin to the immortal Preſerver of Scottiſh Independence.

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was placed in command under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* * shade
Stalk'd round his native lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
They strode along.

† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for Love,
In musing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

‡ With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward § I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye;

* Coilus King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.

† Braxfield, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

‡ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

§ Colonel Fullarton.

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair*;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet.

'All hail! my own inspired Bard!
'In me thy native Muse regard!
'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
'Thus poorly low!
'I come to give thee such reward
'As we bestow.

'Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
'Has many a light, aerial band,
'Who, all beneath his high command,
'Harmoniously,
'As Arts or Arms they understand,
'Their labours ply.

'They *Scotia's* Race among them share;
'Some fire the Soldier on to dare;

' Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
' Corruption's heart:
' Some teach the Bard, a darling cre,
' The tuneful art.

' 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
' They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
' Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
' They, sightless, stand,
' To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
' And grace the hand.

' And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
' Charm or instruct the future age,
' They bind the wild Poetic rage
' In energy,
' Or point the inconclusive page
' Full on the eye.

' Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young,
' Hence, *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue;
' Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
' His "Minstrel lays;"
' Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
' The *Sceptic's* bays.

' To lower orders are assign'd
' The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
' The Artisan;

' All chuſe, as various they're inclin'd,
' The various man.

' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
' The threat'ning ſtorm, ſome, ſtrongly, rein;
' Some teach to meliorate the plain
' With tillage-ſkill;
' And ſome inſtruct the Shepherd-train,
' Blythe o'er the hill.

' Some hint the Lover's harmleſs wile;
' Some grace the Maiden's artleſs ſmile;
' Some ſoothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
' For humble gains,
' And make his cottage-ſcenes beguile
' His cares and pains.

' Some, bounded to a diſtrict-ſpace,
' Explore at large Man's infant race,
' To mark the embryotic trace
' Of *ruſtic Bard*;
' And careful note each op'ning grace,
' A guide and guard.

' *Of theſe am I—Coila* my name;
' And this diſtrict as mine I claim,
' Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
' Held ruling pow'r:
' I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
' Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
'Fond, on thy little early ways,
'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
'In uncouth rhymes,
'Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
'Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
'Delighted with the dashing roar;
'Or when the North his fleecy store
'Drove thro' the sky,
'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
'Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
'Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
'And joy and music pouring forth
'In ev'ry grove,
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'With boundless love.

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
'Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
'I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
'And lonely stalk,
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
'In pensive walk.

'When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
'Th' adored *Name*,
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
'To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
'Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
'Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
'By Passion driven;
'But yet the *light* that led astray
'Was *light* from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
'The loves, the ways of simple swains,
'Till now, o'er all my wide domains
'Thy fame extends;
'And some, the pride of *Cuba's* plains,
'Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor I can shew,
'To paint with *Thomson's* landscape glow;
'Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
'With *Shenstone's* art;
'Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
'Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
'The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;
'Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
'His army shade,
'Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
'Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
'And trust me, not *Pitt's* mine,
'Nor King's regard,
'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
'A *rustic Bard.*

'To give my counsels all in one,
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
'Preserve *the dignity of Man,*
'With Soul erect;
'And trust, the *Universal Plan*
'Will all protect.

'*And wear thou this*'—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS

TO THE

UNCO GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My Son, these Maxims make a rule.
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous *is a fool,*
The Rigid Wise *anither:*
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So wi'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fants and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their doubie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way:
But, in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco leeway.

V.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
Damnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the Heart, 'tis *He* alone
  Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
  Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON's*

ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—
POPE.

HAS auld K********* seen the Deil?
Or great M'******** † thrawn his heel?
Or R******** ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
'Na, wanr than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

K********* lang may grunt an' groan,
An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 54.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

The Brethren o' the mystic *bowl*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the Curlews flock,
Wi' gleesome spied,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the Core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jobs* roar,
In time o' need;
But now he Lags on Death's *hog-score*,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a';
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw;

Ye Maukins, cock your ful fa' hanw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal Fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

That worfu' mare he ever mown'd,
Saw him in agonie gaish adorn'd,
While pointers, noses, impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain Auld-age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;

'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did flagger;
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his memory crave
O pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his soul, whaire'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
He had twa faults, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him!
If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie**,
Tell ev'ry social honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unkaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin!

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers be well enough underſtood; but for the ſake of thoſe who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the ſcene is caſt, Notes are added, to give ſome account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, ſo big with Prophecy to the Peaſantry in the Weſt of Scotland. The paſſion of prying into Futurity makes a ſtriking part of the hiſtory of Human Nature, in its rude ſtate, in all ages and nations; and it may be ſome entertainment to a philoſophic mind, if any ſuch ſhould honour the Author with a peruſal, to ſee the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN*.

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

1.

UPON that night, when Fairies light
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lyn, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove* ‡, to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

* In thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their boasted, midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are fond, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A wood adjoining near Colean-house, called the *Cove* of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is fabled, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

II.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where BRUCE * ince rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his *Carrick* spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
An' hed their *Hallowe'en*
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garters,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang startin,
Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their *stocks* † maun a' be sought ince;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Hallowe'en is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand,

They fleek their een, an' grope an' wale,
For muckle anes, an' straight anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-hail*,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
Sae how't that night.

V.

Then, straight or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
Wi' flocks out-owre their shouther:
An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coniely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *stalks o' corn* *;

with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custock*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the bere-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the top-

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *top-pickle* maist was lost,
When kissin i' the Fanfe-house *
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoarded *nits* †
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' *burn* thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the sheaf, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *Fanfe-house*.

† Burning the nuts, is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the courtship and life of the Couple they will be.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
  Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
  She says in to herfel:
He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
  As they wud never mair part,
Till fuff! he started up the hum,
  An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-hail snut*,
  Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
  To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
  An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor *by jing*,
  'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
  She pits herfel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
  Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart wap dancin at the view;
  She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:

Rob, ſtownlins, prie'd her bonny mou,
  Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
    Unſeen that night.

XI.

But Merran ſat behint their backs,
  Her thoughts on Andrew Bell!
She lea'es them gaſhin at their cracks,
  An' ſlips out by herſel:
She thro' the yard the neareſt takes,
  An' to the kiln ſhe goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
  And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
    Right ſcar't that night.

XII.

An' ay ſhe win't, an' ay ſhe ſwat,
  I wat ſhe made nae jaukin;
Till ſomething held within the pat,
  Guid L—d! but ſhe was quaukin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himſel,
  Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
  She did na wait on talkin
    To ſpier that night.

* Whoever would, with ſucceſs, try this ſpell, muſt ſtrictly obſerve thoſe directions: ſteal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, ſomething will hold the thread: demand, *who hauds?* i. e. who holds? and anſwer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Chriſtian and ſurname of your future ſpouſe.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie sayd,
"Will ye go wi' me, Graunie?
'I'll *eat the apple* * *at the glass*,
'I gat frae uncle Johnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

"Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face!
'I daur you try sic sportin,
'As seek the foul Thief ony place,
'For him to spae your fortune:
'Nae doubt but ye may get a *fright!*
'Great cause ye hae to fear it;
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
'On sic a night.

XV.

'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
'I mind't as weel's yestreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
'I was na past fyfteen:

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to *be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat
'An' fluff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
'An' just on *Hallowen*
'It fell that night.

XVI.

Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
'A clever, sturdy fallow;
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
'That liv'd in Achmacalla:
'He gat *hemp-seed* *, I mind it weel,
'An' he made unco light o't;
'But monie a day was *by himsel*,
'He was fae fairly frighted
'That wean night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *sow hemp-seed* a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed I saw thee, 'Hemp seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my 'truelove, come after me and pon thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person intended, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some practitioners say, "Come after me and shew thee," that is shew themselves, in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee."

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturdin;
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
An' hauris at his cuspin:
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
"Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast that night."

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration:

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
  Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
  An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
                After that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
  To *winn three wechts o' nauthing* * ;
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
  She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
  An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,
  In hopes to see Tam Kipples
                That varn night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
  An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
  Syne bauldly in she enters:

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the *bring*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*, and go thro' all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass thro' the barn in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or fatigue, marking the employment or station in life.

A *rattan* rattl'd up the wa',
  An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
  And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
    Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
  They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddum't thrice**,
  Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
  For some black, grousome Carlin;
An' loot a winne, an' drew a stroke,
  Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
    Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
  As kantie as a kittlin;
But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
  She got a fearfu' fettlin!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
  An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn**,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gie a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit an' in the *Pool*
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *Luggies* three* are ranged;
An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery:
Till *butter'd So'ns* †, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Hymen a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Hallowen Supper*.

THE

AULD FARMER's

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to hansel in the New-Year.

A *GUID New-year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raise* thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, fleeve, an' frank,
An' fet weel down a shapely shank
As e'er trod yird;
An' could hae flown out owre a stank
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Mare*;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel won-gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin w' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, free an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride*:
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,

That day, ye was a jusher noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wamble,
Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whistle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,

Hae turn'd fax rood beside our hain,
For days thegither.

Thou never bruindg't, an' fetch't, an' fiskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,
An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cag* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' flan't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *plough* is now thy bairntime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye fax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst;
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a fair daunk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought;
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq;

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A**** in a Cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there
I ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend.
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-ward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, flacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or depofite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's an' their Mistress's command,
The younghers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play;
'And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
'And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
'They never sought in vain that sought the LORD
'aright.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires his name,

While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The Father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and kye.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the Youth sae bashfu' and sa grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage *Experience* bids me this declare——
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
'T'is when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food:
The soup their only *Hawtie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal Wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, once his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion* glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
'*And let us worship* GOD!' he says with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The ticklʼd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's* praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of* God on high;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty men was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays:
Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wings[a],'
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The *Priest*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous fraud, the sacerdotal role,
But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers mine to mix:
The Parent-pair their *first-born* hours gay,
And pouring up to Heaven the warm request,
That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,

[a] Pope's Windsor Forest.

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noble work of God:"
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
What is a lordling, pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wallace*-heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard.

TO A

MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whylles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit *hoose*, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' nathing, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wasse,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cosie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sterty dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art bleſt, compar'd wi' *me!*
The preſent only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward caſt my e'e
On proſpects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna *ſee*,
I *guess* an' *fear!*

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wherefo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitylefs form!
How fhall your houfelefs heads, and unfed fides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneffs, defend you
From feafons fuch as thefe——

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp fhivers thro' the leafleſs bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a fhort-liv'd glow'r,
Far fouth the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the fnaky fhow'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the ſtorm the ſteeples rocked,
Poor Labour ſweet in ſleep was locked,
While burns, wi' ſnawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying ſwirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing?
An' cleek thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier guft!
"And freeze, thou bitter biting Froft!

' Defend, ye chilly, freezing Snows!
' Not all your rage, as now, unkind Shows
' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
' Than heaven-born'd Man on brother
' Man bestows!
' See stern Oppression's iron grip,
' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
' Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
' How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
' Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
' And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
' A creature of another kind,
' Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
' Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!

' Where, where is Love's fond tender throe,
' With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
' The pow'rs you proudly own?
' Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
' To bless himself alone!

'Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
'To love pretending fnares,
'This boafted Honor turns away,
'Shunning foft Pity's rifing fway,
'Regardlefs of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!
'Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's fqualid neft,
'She ftrains your infant to her joylefs breaft,
'And with a Mother's fears, fhrinks at the rocking
'blaft!

'Oh, ye! who, funk in beds of down,
'Feel not a want but what yourfelves create,
'Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
'Whom friends and fortune quite difown!
'Ill-fatisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
'Stretch'd on his ftraw he lays himfelf to fleep,
'While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
'Chill, o'er his flumbers, piles the drifty heap!
'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
'Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
'But fhall thy legal rage purfue
'The Wretch, already crufhed low
'By cruel Fortune's undeferved blow?
'Affliction's fons are brothers in diftrefs;
'A Brother to relieve, how exquifite the blifs!"

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery fnaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-roofing crow.
But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A

BROTHER POET.

January——

I.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time
And spin a verse or twa' o' rhyme,
In hamely, weelin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being four,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
Wile Coofs on equaliſh thoufands rant,
And hen na how to wair't:
But *Dowie*, lad, ne'er fafh your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair fairer na, nor fear na"*,
Auld age ne'er mind a fing;
The laſt o't, the weſt o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtleſs, great diſtreſs!
Yet then content could make us bleſt;
Ev'n then, ſometimes, we'd ſnatch a taſte
O' trueſt happineſs.
The honeſt heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay ſome cauſe to ſmile:
An' mind ſtill you'll find ſtill
A comfort that's nae ſmall;
Nae mair then we'll care then,
Nae farther we can fall.

H

* Ramſay.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'?
Yet Nature's charms the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
An' sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lou'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle, *mair*:
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To mak us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never ceasing toil;
Think ye are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either Heaven or Hell;
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us thearfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By piining at our state:
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit o' Age to Youth;
They let us ken ourscl;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrong the cause,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
The Lover an' the Frien';
Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above!
O *Thou*, whose very self art *love!*
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had humber'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie, or my Jean!

XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin, rank and file,
Amain before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly hot;
And then he'll hitch, and skip, and jump,
And rin an unco fit:
But lest then the beast throw me
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE

LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A

FRIEND's AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe!
HOME.

I.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
  The faintly marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
  Reflected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
  Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
  For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
  My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
  No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
  The oft-attested Pow'rs above;
The *promis'd Father's tender name*:
  These were the pledges of my love!

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
  How have the rapture'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
  For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And, must I think it! is she gone,
  My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
  And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns the approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phillis, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
  Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
  Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
  From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
  Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
  Observ'd us, fondly-wandring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
  While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
  To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
  Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
  Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
  Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
  A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN

ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meandring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art:

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active* man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, wither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend Sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful Pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the sway;
Licentious Passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh! ill match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap caress'd;

Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
  Are likewise truly bleſt.
But, Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,
  All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this leſſon learn,
  That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and ſharp the num'rous ills
  Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves,
  Regret, Remorſe, and Shame!
And Man, whoſe heav'n-erected face
  The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
  Makes countleſs thouſands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;
And ſee his lordly *fellow-worm*,
  The poor petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
  And helpleſs offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm deſign'd yon lordling's ſlave,
  By Nature's law deſign'd,
Why was an independent wiſh
  E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

WINTER.

A

DIRGE.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast*,"
The joyless Winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

* Dr Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty Scheme
  These woes of mine fulfill,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
  Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
  This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
  Assist me to *resign!*

A
PRAYER,
IN THE
PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry GOD,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
Again in Folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
  If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
  Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
  Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all must I feel my powers be,
  To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotent Divine!*

Lying at a Reverend Friend's house, one night, the Author left the following Verses in the room where he slept:—

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the faares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven!

THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his GOD.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble toss'd,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A

PRAYER,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'ſt the word; Thy creature, man,
  Is to exiſtence brought;
Again Thou ſay'ſt, 'Ye ſons of men,
  'Return ye into naught!'

Thou layeſt them, with all their cares
  In everlaſting ſleep:
As with a flood thou tak'ſt them off
  With overwhelming ſweep.

They flouriſh like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
  All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough in April 1786.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the ſtoure
Thy ſpeeder ſtem:
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor ſweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' ſpreckl'd breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling Eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
Of clod or stane,
Adorns the hillie *stubble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low' I' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Love*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

TO

RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tye*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *Storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a *pleasure* can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's *joyless* day?
My weary heart it's throbbings cease,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace!

TO

MISS L——,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS *for a New-Year's Gift.*
Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May——1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind *memento*;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
Its rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na' censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;

But never tempt th' *illicit rose*,
  Tho' nothing should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin;
  The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
  That's justify'd by Honor:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
  To hand the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your Honor grip
  Let that ay be your border:
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
  Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep it's laws,
  Unaiding consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
  Must sure become the *Creature*;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
  And ev'n the rigid feature:

Yet ne'er with Wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In Ploughman's phrase, 'GOD send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than e'er did th' Adviser!

ON A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our *Billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-spore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou turn aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twud been nae plea;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:
'Till mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In sinders flee:
He was her *Laurent* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, now't his hundies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;

Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica ladies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cosie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie!*
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!

TO A

HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their weel-fwall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maift like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad ſtaw a ſow,
Or *fricaſſee* wad mak her ſpew
Wi' perfect ſcunner,
Looks down wi' ſneering, ſcornfu' view
On ſic a dinner?

Poor devil! ſee him owre his traſh,
As ſeckleſs as a' wither'd raſh,
His ſpindle ſhank a guid whip-laſh,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to daſh,
O how unfit!

But mark the Ruſtic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth reſounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whiſtle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will ſtand,
Like taps o' thriſtle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And diſh them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae ſkinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wiſh her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *haggis!*

A
DEDICATION
TO
O**** H*******, Esq;

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble blaid;
Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae high I need na bow,
For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough*;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg*;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he shou'd be,

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It's nothing but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Pinnacs*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-m-t-n;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a Brother to his back;
Steal thro' the *winnow* frae a whore,
But point the Rabe that wan the door;
Be to the Poor like ony whunstane;
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' Parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!

When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *Dedication*;
But when Divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae dust vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You*:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yourself.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your Petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *prayr*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

'May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clark!*
'May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
'For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
'May K*****'s, far-honour'd name
'Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
'Till H*******'s, at least a dis'n,
'Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
'Five bonie Lasses round their table,
'And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
'To serve their King an' Country weel,
'By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
'May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
'Shine on the ev'ning o' his days!
'Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
'When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
'The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the Poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim fall of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my *Friend* and *Brother!*

K

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K

TO A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your sit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare *horse* nor *hame* ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now hand you them, poin out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, sang and tight;
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera topmost, towring height,
O' *Miss's bonnet.*

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' gray as onie groset:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wud na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine *Lanwick!* fie!
How daur ye do't?

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abreed!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the gifte gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lag'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her cay abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer fly,
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
Dear as the rapture'd thrill of joy!
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a scarry scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing War,
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome,

Where *Scotia's* kings of olden time,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal Name low to the dust!
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring mourn!
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile clans and tow'ring pride
Old *Scotia's* bloody flag bore:
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my *Sires* have left their shed,
And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitrichs scraichin loud at e'en,
And morning Peesie whistlin sean,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fastin-een we had a rockin,
To cr' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was mickle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about*.

There was at first, among the rest,
Above them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address'd
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' in the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd so weel,
What gev'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Beattie,
'Or Beattie's wark?'
They tauld me 'twas an auld kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It put me fidgin-fain to hear't,
An' fse about him there I spier't;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him in a guid auld ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' songs he'd made himself,
Or sangs catches,
'Twean Inverness and Tweedside,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swore an oath,
Tho' I should pawn my plough an' graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
'You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
'To mak a *song*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrong.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horse an' stools;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sae your Grammars?

Ye'd better tuen up spades and hoes,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in College-classes!
They *gang in* Saints, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me aes spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' free,
Or dright *Lapraik's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lang* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be sow,
Fie no mair;
But, gif ye want aes friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about myſel,
As ill I like my faults to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wiſh me well,
They ſometimes roſe me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie ſtill
As ſay abuſe me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
I like the laſſes—Gode forgie me!
For monie a Pluck they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe ſome *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can ſpare.

But *Mauchline* Race or *Mauchline* Fair,
I ſhould be proud to meet you there;
We'ſe gie ae night's diſcharge to care,
If we ſougather,
An' hae a ſwap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'ſe gar him clatter,
An' kirſen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll ſit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart;
An' faith, we'ſe be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye ſelfiſh, warly race,
Wha think that havins, ſenſe, an' grace,

Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place,
To *catch the plack!*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others',
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my long epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye maute at the stake,
An' pownies reek in plough or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld *Lochlea*,
For his *kind* letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs
I wouldna write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's fast at best an' something lazy:
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
'This month an' mair,
'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
'An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses put me mad;
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye shouldn't jad!
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blood,
'This very night,
'So dinna ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right.

'Shall hauld L——k, the king o' hearts,
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
'Roose you fae weel for your deserts,
'In terms fae friendly,
'Yet ye'll neglect to shew your parts
'An' thank him kindly?'

See I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Believe I sleep a wink,
'I swow I'll clinke it,
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!'

See I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's nighhy neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp,
Come, kittle up your *rowtie harp*
Wi gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could fiddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the fifx an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the kimmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the little kimmer,
I, Bob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behind a kist to lie an' fidget,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' stockie wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancing cane,

Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

'O, *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
'Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide;
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race begun,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
'Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
'And none but *he*.'

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,

While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless pieveſu' of a soul
May in some *future carcass* howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *Lochlin's* and *Busco* arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

TO

W. S*****N, *Ochiltree.*

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coxcain billie,
Your flattrin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins slented
On my poor Muse;
Tho' in sic phrasin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My sensis wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The lanes o' fame;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson!* thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry mustie arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my *rustic reed*;
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila*, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkend-of isle
Beside *New Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Beseuth *Magellan*.

Ramsey an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift thrown;

Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an', *Doon*,
Nacbody sings.

Th' *Hissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Sine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tuneful' line;
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine,
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Caile's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At *Wallace'* name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a *Spring-tide* flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace'* side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd!

O sweet are *Caile's* haughs an' woods,
When linwhites chant among the buds,
And jinkin lavrs, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,

While thro' the trees the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature!* a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jostle, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither!
We've been owre lang unknown'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tether
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
in *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had a maist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* fae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

* See note page 59.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Juſt like a ſark, or pair o' ſhoon,
Wore by degrees, till her laſt ſoon
Gaed paſt their viewing,
An' ſhortly after ſhe was done,
They gat a new one.

This paſt for certain, unditputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrong;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' long.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auldfolk the thing miſteuk;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' ſight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *biſſels* were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' ſtorm'd,
That beardleſs laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae leſs to mair it gaed to ſticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clouts an' nicks;

An' monie a fallow-git his tuke,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mainie lands,
An' *auld-light* cuddies bang fe hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the fands
Wi' mickle shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light lards* gat fe a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd fick-an-howe,
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
Their zealous *lards* are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' gimin spite,
To hear the *Mess* fae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some *auld-light lards* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they en' *hallow*,
To tak a flight,

An' stay ae month amang the *Mogs*,
As fas them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld Mom's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is nathing but a "moonshine matter;"
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tilzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE

TO

J. R******,

Inclosing some Verses.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drunken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saints,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are n' seen thro'.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black*;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saints; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To hea them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Song* * ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing:
I've play'd myset a bonie spring,
An' dance'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wud ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
I strukit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wud fash me for't;
But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, wa'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
For this, nieft year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gawd guinea;
Tho' I should hurt the *knickin* bye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three drops about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

BALLAD.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he begun to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,

They hewed in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wafted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
He crush'd him 'twixt two stones.

XII.

And they have taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune, GILLIECRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* gaed our Pilot hame,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man:
Then up they gat the maistie-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-ll-n* did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebeck*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept at *Bufu-lo'*, man;
Till *Willie H—e* took o're the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' sword and gun he thought a fin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked fan', man.

IV.

B-rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till *Frasier* hame did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckfins claw, man;
But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guildford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
An' *S-cho-lk* doure, wha stood the floure,
The German Chief to throw, man:
For Paddy *B-rk*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ch-gh-n* took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When *St-R-ne* mark'd up his chank,
Conform to Gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring knife,
They did his noseless throw, man;
For *H-rth* an' *F-x* wanted fleshin,
An' bore him to the wa,' man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
Led him a fair *four poo*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud plaudis,
On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, wur them a', man!

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Co-ne-lie's* gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While fee *D-nd-s* aroun'd the clash
Be-neath the Roman wa', man:
An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise!
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-th*, *F-x*, *and C-*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ball, man,
Till *Sathan* rule, an' cuff their chiefs
Behind him in a raw, man,
An' *Celebs* threw by the dirtie,
An' did her whistle douse, man,
For N-rd an' bore him to the
To mak it guid in law, man.

• • • • • • •

SONG.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Among the rigs o' barley:
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Among the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, *I had a horse, I had no more.*

I.

NOW wafftin winds, and shaughl'ing guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring Hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social joys, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

SONG.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll away to Nanie, O.

II.

The weslin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night, baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But wat's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grows the rashes, O;
Green grows the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

I.

THERE's naught but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grows, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grows, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warld saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

• • • • • • • • • •

SONG.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Breeks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS*.

And maun I still on Menie † think,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the linnet sing,
And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariana*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the teetie Sneilfman sklts,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wonts.
And mun I fill, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.
And mun I fill, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd fleeks his frolicking flep,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And mun I fill, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe wauhens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And mun I fill, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;

Thy gloom will soeth my cheerish soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

And mun I still on Menie doat,
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

M

SONG.

Tune, Rights Gaffie.

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;

Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear:
But roused by heart the ties are broke,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I wear,
To leave the bonny banks of *Ayr!*

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr!*

SONG.

Tune, Guilderoy.

I.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE

FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES's LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, *Gudnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tie!*
Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slippery ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of light*:
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

III.

May Prudence, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omnificent Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still *rising* by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And *You*, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
To *Masonry* and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the bard that's far awa*.

SONG.

Tune, *Prepare my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was perfuaded a venture to make;
A letter informd me that all was to wreck;
But the purfy old landlord just waddlid up faire,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mafon Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours mafonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true brother of th' Compafs and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when preffed with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in death does sleep:
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie hie him thy gear to keep,
He'll hand it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took sich a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *soul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
  Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
  The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
  The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
  "For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side".

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
  Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
  May I be *sav'd* or *d——d!*

* Goldsmith.

A BARD's EPITAPH.

IS there a whimpering fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to feed,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drop a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, notless, finds the crowds amang,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *jolly flame*;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
Is Wisdom's root.

F I N I S.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *ou*, is commonly spelled *ow*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *ou*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *au*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A', all
Aback, away, aloof
Above, above, up
Abuigh, at a big distance
Abroad, in health
Abroad, abroad, in sight
Ae, one
Aft, oft
Afore, often
Aff, off, *Aff-hand*, unprepared
Afore, before
Agley, off the right line, wrong
Aibiles, perhaps
Aik, oak
Aim, iron
Aith, an oath
Ain, own
Aither, an old horse
Aitle, a hot climber
Aiblin, also
Ahine, above
Amang, among
Amaist, almost
An', and, if

Ane, one, an
Anes, once
Anither, another
Artfu', artful
Ae, other
Aftere, shroud, stirring
Auld, old
Auld-farrant, or auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent
Aught, eight, possession, as *in o' my aught*, in all my possession
Ava, at all
Awa, away
Awe, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded
Awfu', awful
Awkart, awkward
Ayont, beyond

B

Ba', ball
Bawd'ie, having a white stripe down the face
Barkit, barked
Barkin, barking
Baith, both
Bane, bone
Bainie, having large bones, stout
Bardie, diminutive of bard
Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly
Barefit, bare-footed
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batty, betts
Bade, endured, did stay
Bang, an effort
Bairn, a child,
Bairnime, a family of children, a brood
Baudrons, a cat
Barmie, of, or like barm
Bank, a cruse beam, *Banker*, the end of a beam
Bad, did bid
Baggie, the belly
Baldie, bald
Bakkie-comin, coming back, returning
Ba, *to be be*, to give over, to cease
Beek, a book
Behind, or Behin', behind
Be't, be it
Ben, into the *spence* or parlour
Belyve, by and by,
Bield, to add fuel to fire
Bonfire, *Bonie*, of bonfit
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
Belly-fu', belly-full
Benisoun, the grace after meat
Befa', to befall
Billie, a brother, a young fellow
Big, to build, *Biggit*, builded
Biggin, buildings, a house
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
Bickie, a clever fellow
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Bill, a bull
Bizz, a buffet, to buzz
Bizzing, the noise of pottage, &c. when they spring
Bit, crib, deal of meat
Bien, wealthy, plentiful
Bid or bight, shelter
Bluffit, blushed
Blaffie, a shrivel'd dwarf, a term of contempt
Blink, a little while, a twinkling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits

Blastie, a term of contempt
Blinkin, smirking
Bluid, blood, bluidy, bloody
Blather, the bladder
Blaw, to blow, to boast
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Bleezin, blazing
[illegible]
[illegible]
Blype, a shred, a large piece
[illegible]
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown with a badge
Bonie, or bony, handsome, beautiful
Bonilie, handsomely, beautifully
Bannock, a kind of thick cake of bread
Bother, to pother
Bodle, a small old coin
Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Boord, a board
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Bowt, bended, crooked
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
[illegible]
Brattle, [illegible]
Brie, juice, liquid
Brash, a sudden illness

Brunstane, brimstone
[illegible]
Brugh, a burgh
Brak, [illegible]
Brither, a brother
[illegible]
Brats, coarse clothes, rags
[illegible]
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
Brig, a bridge
Broo, broth, liquid, water
[illegible]
Brogue, a hum, a trick
Brak, broke, made insolvent
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
Brunt, did burn
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
Brackens, fern
Broose, a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
Braindge, to run rashly forward
Braindg't, reeled forward
Brisket, the breast, the bosom
Breastit, did spring up or forward
[illegible], drink of broth
Braik, a kind of harrow
[illegible]
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening
Bumming, humming as bees

Burn, water, a rivulet
Bussie, dense of hair
Bussie, i. e. hare the wind, a blackbirch
Bulle, a bullet: to bullet
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
Bullie, dastard
Bummle, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Buchlie, an inhabitant of Virginia
But, without
Bure, did bear
Byte, water-fable
By hinsel, hersie, directed

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive
Cat or ca'd, called, driven, called
Cawdle, cawding
Cauld, cold
Cautie or canty, cheerful, merry
Cawp, a wooden drinking vessel
Carlin, a fleet old woman
Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
Cannilie, dextrously, gently
Cadie, or caddie, a porter, a young fellow
Called, fetch, fetched
Cam, did come
Canna, cannot
Carrin, carrying
Cambrickin, made of cambricks
Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
Cairn, a loose heap of stones
Cawbow, a cabbage
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Cow-house, cow-house, hay-house
Caird, a tinker
Cell, shell
Cannie, cheerfully
Cairn, wary
Cadger, a carrier
Callan, a boy
Clap, a person, a fellow, a blow
Chiel or cheel, a young fellow
Chew, to chew; chew for chew, fair by fair
Chafin, fat-faced
Chanter, chantry
Chapter, a part of a hogshead
Chap, a chap; to chap
Chaffin, chafing
Chanter, chanted
Chimla or chimlie, a fire place
Chimla-lug, the fireside
Chaffin, chafed
Chittering, shivering, trembling
Chib, an ill, vile, the fury of the day
Chew, to fumble
Chiffe or chiffe, chaffer
Cheek, cheek, checking, checking
Chirkin, jerking, chirking
Chirkmaidie, who sings the chirkin
Chirkin, a small village, a hamlet, a church, a parish
Chirnebone, lily convolvulus
Cleet, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Cheerie, an old name for the Devil
Clips, shears
Clout, to clout, to patch
Clouted, patched
Clukie, wooer

Clap, clapper of a mill
Clad, to clothe
Claiver, to tell lies; idle talking; an idle story
Clam, a lump or swelling after a blow
Clack, to knock; a knock
Clackin, knocking
Clabby, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country cure
Cladin, coming
Claddie, country
Cotter, the habitant of a cot-house or cottage
Cauld, the cold
Cod, a wooden dish
Cuddie, dimin. of cog
Cowp, to vomit, to hoop under, to hop; a flock, a bunch of flowers, herbs, &c.
Cousinsie, cousinsel
Cauld, fresh, cruisy, simply
Cowp, to tumble, to tumble over; a fall, a group
Cowpit, tumbled
Cove, a cottage
Coutter, wooden kitchen dish; *all dishes of wood, which hoops are fixed with feathers, are said to be coutter.*
Cowd, did call
Cowter, a colt
Cool, a blockhead, a stupid
Cuse, curse, pure, clear
Cuddie, kind, loving
Cuddle, caressed and disappointed by life
Cobble, a fishing boat
Cuse's, bid with curse
Cowdie, crowding
Cowrie, crouching
COBLA, from Fr. *cobla*, a district of Aquitaine, so called, fish, [illegible], from: Coll or Cobble, a Fishing [illegible]

Cauch, perversion; to convulse
Cauchie, crouching
Cobbie, cobbed, hooked
Cauchie, shameful, courageous
Cauchly, shamefully, courageously
Cauch, the name of an imaginary wheel
Cauchoun, a wheel, engine
Cauchin, crouching, crooks, crooked
Cog, a cup, the hop
Cowing, crouch
Cowdie time, breakfast time
Cowing, hand and knife, *fashion of bread*
Cowt, a hollow constituted mass; to make a mass like the chestnut nut of a ball, to hum a tune
Cowing, humming
Cowdie, greedy
Cuff or cuch, a field near a house, *in old Inventories*
Cowd, a hollow; *to have the cowd in a cowd, to be cowed, to be fascinated*
Cowe, a color of a cock's comb
Cowbiss, crook-backed
Cowrouch, the hoar frost
Cowdie-dish or cowdie-pie, thyme, dogwood, wolfbane
Cowlin, crawling
Cowpin, creeping
Cowd, or cowp, to cob as a dove
Cowt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cuit, a blockhead, a stupid
Cuddie, a cruicky
Cummering, murmuring; *flight, rumbling noise*
Cowing, a well known gesture

Curler, a player at ice
Curpin, the crupper
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
Cutter, the dove or wood pigeon.

D

DAFT, merry, giddy, foolish
Dafing, merriment, foolishness
Daag or daauk, a day's labour
Dawd, a large piece
Dad, to thrash, to shake
Dawit or dauted, fondled, caressed
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
Dancin, dancing
Darlins, darling
Dare, to dare, dar'st, dared
Dappt, dapple
Darnen, rare, now and then; darnen-cicker, an ear of corn now and then
Daddie, a father
Deaves, doors; of doors
Deardie', dear
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deave, to deafen
Dead, a stunning blow
Delaver, delirium
Delayin, delaying
Delvin, delving
Defaice, to defaite
Disappeint, disappointed
Dinnan, or din'n, a dwarf
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
Ding, to worst, to push
Dinna, do not
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff.
Dimpt, dimpled
Dinsy, dizzy, giddy
Dainty, dainty, fastidious
Dwalt, fainted, swoon
Dwin, or dwine, fade, wither, languish
Dunnily, finely, politely
Dapty, fancy, nice
Dow, can or are able to, can
Downa, can or are not able, cannot
Dowdie, was or were able
Dabbit, dabbed
Dance, fast, durable, stable, firm, fixed
Dazzle, wash with grief, fatigue, &c.
Dazzle, wasted
Daff, pettish, wanting sense
Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn
Drap, a drop; to drop
Dreppin, dripping
Nrawlin, crawling
Drabin, drabbing
Drawk, drink, draught
Drinkin, drinking
Dryin, drying
Dreep, to come, to drop
Dreepin, coming, dropping
Drift, a drove
Drant, pot, first liquor
Dreadie', dreaded
Dreep-cruppit, that drops at the crupper
Dribble, dribbling, slow
Drumlin, mud and water mixed
Dreshin, the breach
Dub, a little pool
Duff, rag, dishes

Dubbie, puddle
Dung, worked, pushed, driven
Dush, to push or shove, &c.
Dushi, pushed by a man, ox, &c.

E

E'E, the eye, eye, the eyes
Ee, Ilse, Ingland, drunkenness, liquor
E'enin, evening
Eld, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Elldrich, ghastly, frightful
En', end
Enneuch, Enneuough
Enough, enough
Eshin, ashing
Especial, especially
Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall, lot; to fall
Fae, a foe
Faddit', faddled
Fah, trouble, care; to trouble, to take fire
Fah't, troubled
Fawhat, decent, seemly
Faun, fawn
Faul, a calm of bread
Fairin, a fairing; a present
Farewel, farewell
Fellow, fellow
Fest, fault
Fashion't, fashioned
Fat't, fatted
Fattrels, ribbons, rags, &c.
Fahan-ess, Fahan-Hoven
Faud, dull fool
Fauld, a fold; to fold
Faulding, folding
Faulie, or faulyie, to wanton, a fondling; a term of fondness
Faule, to fight, fallies, fighting
Faul, to live comfortably
Fauld, fond, comfy
Faut, want, fault
Faut't, faulted
Fauth', falsehood
Fauch, to pull by the
Fauch't, pulled incessantly
Fag, a fig
Faddit', huge, dreary, dull
Faddit, puny, weak, silly
Fall, lean, lifeless; the fall [illegible] under the sun; a fold; pretty level on the side or top of a hill
Faut, fault, a petty fault
Fan, to make a hissing noise like fermentation
Fa, a foe
Fatin-lee', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Fier, friend, kinship; a brother, a friend
Fidge, to fidget
Fidgin, fidgeting
Fiddle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle
Flatterin', fattering
Flap, a kick, a random blow
Flashie, a servant in livery
Flay, to frown, to frighten
Flay'd, frighted, frained
Flyin, flying
Flash, a flame
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a foal
Fitt, to fret at the yoke
Fittit, footed

Flichter, to flutter as young ospreys when their dam approaches
Flichterin, fluttering
Flichter, fleech, broken piece
Fleech, to supplicate in a fawning manner
Fleechin, supplicating
Fleiner, fawnd
Fleiter, to deceive by fair words
Fleiterin, deceiving
Fleter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
Fleiterin, fluttering, vibrating
Fleughter, to meet, to encounter with
Fou, full, drunk
Foughten, troubled, harassed
Fouth, fowing
Fudge, hidden
Fuftin, difficed, worn out, jaded
Fuird, a ford
Fukean, forefathers
Fumin, fuming
Fur, a furlot, &c.
Furgie, to forgive
Furjeiset, jaded with fatigue
Frae, from
Frank, frank
Frind, friend
Fu', full
Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, a bench
Fus, the foot of the hoof, crotty, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Fumie, full of mustiness
Fyle, to foil, to dirty
Fyl't, foiled, dirted
Fyleen, fleece
Fyke, trifling cares; to pidder, to be in a fidgetting state

G

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly
Gang, to go, to walk
Gab, wife, fagotum; talkative; to converse
Gabbin, conversing
Ganey, jolly, large
Gae, to go, gaed, wad, gaen or gane, gaen, gaun, going
Gaet or gate, way, manner, road
Gaherin, gathering
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gaudie, a guinea
Gear, riches, goods of any kind
Gaudie, great fellow
Gae, a child, a young one
Gaek, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Gad, a pike
Gie, to give, Gied, gave, Gi'en, given
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if, against
Giez, a pelting
Gizz, to grin, to twist the features in rage, spite, &c.
Gizzing, grinning
Gipsy, a young girl
Gilla, dim. of gill
Gillie, dim. of gil
Gleek, a glance
Gleamin, the sun light
Gleaik, a leaper; to leave
Gib-gabbet, that speaks fawningly and coaxingly
Gleet, to peep, Gleed, peep'ed, Gleetin, peeping

Glare, to stare, to look; a stare, a look.
Glaive, a sword, sword.
Glaiket, foolish.
Glaikit, foolishness, fatuity.
Glaip, lump, mass.
Glaire, glittering, smooth like glass.
Glar, a spirit; to spirit, affray, off a a fire, wrong.
Glarie, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, fire.
Gleb, a mushed, a mass of substance.
Gled, red kind.
Gledge, looking.
Gleed, gold.
Gleed, the grave of gold; to bring, or rise for fire the half of gold.
Gleed'le, flame.
Gleer, or glaire, squeeze, to gleer.
Gleet'le, gravel.
Gleetie, gravelly.
Gleibit, slack, of slacking growth.
Gleid, indignity, familiar.
Gleiyin, glaring.
Gleiyit, squinting, fair-skinned, fair.
Gleiyit, the plica, a growing mole.
Gleiyit's, gravel.
Gleis, to fall upon, to wrap.
Gleisin, cunning, wrapping.
Gleis'l, spatul.
Gleisle, a grandmother.
Gleisle, gravel.
Gleis, to grasp, grapple, grasp.
Gleisie, crooked, bend.
Gleis, a gravel, instrument for cleaning, flatten.
Gleisphie, a fire.
Gleisph, a gravel; to gravel.
Gleisphie, thoroughly gone.
Gleisphie, a gravelly.
Gleisy, a gravelly.
Gleisie, gravel.
Gleisie, gravelly.
Glen, to gleam, to flow, the grass to be thoroughly rubber.
Glen, gravel.
Glenk, to get the mobility of one's great, to play tipping gravel.
Glenk, the Scottish Bannie, gravel.
Gleiy, splendid.
Gleiy, or gleiy, a large hole.
Gleil, gravel, Gleil-gravel, gravel-mixture, Gleil-sey, gravel-mixture.
Gleiness and Gleiness, the mobility and mobility of the gravel, gravel-mixture, gravel-mixture, gravel-mixture, gravel-mixture, gravel-mixture, the gravel-mixture and mobility of the gravel.
Gleiskie, mobility.

H

HA', hall
Hae, have
Haes, hall, the footsteps
Haes, haes, Haes-ward, hastward
Haesly, hastily, rabble
Haes, or haes, hard
Haes, a gray mark
Haes, dead hack, a gray mark of magnitude, mobility
Haegle, hay-lying sick hack, wagon
Haek, a fat
Haek, to hold
Haes, rabble, dirty, healthy,

Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip, and leap
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap
Happing, hopping
Hafflins, nearly half, partly
Hain, to spare, to save, *hain'd*, spared
Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*
Hal', or hald, an abiding place
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense
Harkit, hearkened
Happer, a hopper
Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors
Haverel, half-witted person; half-witted
Hairst, harvest,
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Haurlin, peeling
[illegible]
Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Hech! Oh! strange!
[illegible]
Het, Hot
Hersel, herself
Herrin, a herring
Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder birds nests*
Herryment, plundering, devastation
Heugh, a crag, a coalpit
Heeze, to elevate, to raise
Heather, heath
Hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
Heapit, heaped
Healsome, healthful, wholesome
[illegible]
Hear't, hear it
Hellim, the rudder or helm
Himsel, himself
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep, *hirpling*, creeping
Hing, to hang
Hitch, a loop, a knot
Hilch, a hobbling, to halt
Hilchin, halting
Histie, dry, chapt, barren
Hissel, *so many cattle as one person can attend*
Howk, to dig; howkit, digged, howkin, digging
[illegible]
Hoddin, the motion of a sage country farmer riding on a cart horse
Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
Houghmagandie, fornication
Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell
Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
Hove, to heave, to swell
Hov'd, heaved, swelled
Hoyse, a pull upwards
Hoord, a hoard, to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely;
Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
Host, or hoast, to cough, *hostin*, coughing
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink
Hoy, to urge, *hoy't*, urged
Hool, outer skin or case
Hoyte, to amble crazily

[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]

Kittlin, a young cat
King's-hawk, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kin, kindred
Kittle, to cuddle
Kittlin, cuddling
Kiough, cuching anxiety
Kiffin, to chuffen
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
Kill, chuff, a sheep-counter
Knuggin, like *knugs* or points of rocks
Knuggin-hammer, a hammer for breaking flints
Knowe, a small round hillock
Kye, cows
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self
KYLE, a district of Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly

L.

LAIF, lock, chate
Laing, hang, to think
Lang, to long, to weary
Lap, did hang
Laverock, a kind of shell-fish
Laverock, the lark
Laughin, sense of lamb
Laughin, laughing
Lauch', laughed
Lagh', laughed
Laigh, low
Lane, lone, my *lone*, thy *lone*, &c. myself alone, &c. thyself alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely
Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans*, Scotch dialect
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others
Lauch, laugh
Lathe, barn
Lathe', barned, thresh
Lathing, washing and fitting in flows, sand, &c.
Lathie, sense of lad
Law-hang, low-hung
Lauk, a hawk, to look
Lance-ma, a phrase of contemptuous endearment
Lang, *pronounce* hang, hanging
Lan'e, to leave
Lathe, a sheep-pinged dent for fitting fish
Laugh, did laugh
Lad, loyal, true, faithful
Lightly, frowningly, to frown at
Lammer, a large unbroak, a fragment
Livin, living
Link, to trip along
Linkin, tripping
Linsyth, linsyth, hobbled
Lint, a water-fish
Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax in flower
Lift, the sky
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing
Linnhaine, a linnet
Lang, the place of milking
Lank, the palm of the hand
Lanyon, *plural of lap*
Lowe, a flame; to flame
Lowin, flaming
Lowk, to look
Lowf'd, lapped
Lang, did lie
Lang, a fellow, a sugar-loaf, a measure of only viz. 100
Lanrie, abbreviation of Lawrence
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Lunzie, smoking
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lum, the chimney
Lyart, of a mixed colour; gray

M

MAE, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Maun, must
Mair, more
Mak, to make, makin, making
Maldrum, mallin, mixed corn
Mantcle, a mantle
Maw, to mow, mawin, mowing
Mawkin, a hare
Mellie, Molly
Mar's year, the rebellion A. D. 1715
Mak, makin, this and several other words, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers
Mak, to mash, as malt, &c.
Mashlum-pot, a tea pot
Mang, among
Maun, the truth
Mill, to mashlin
Mir', upward
Mafin, a fainting
Mihlin, as fat with meal
Mauthy, good mannered, decorous
Mischief, ill-handy-work, impudence
Mutcherlinge, mutchkin

Mure, a moor
Mither, a mother
Mithe-mantie, mantle, mind
Miss, price, [illegible] mark
Mistie', mistful
Mither'd, mithered, tormently
Miss', to shake, to call names
Miss'd shaked
Min', mind, remembrance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill
Mistie, mother, dam
Millwak, millwalk
Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Mouldiewort, a mole
Moyr, or mawin, hay
Mailie, to mother
Mawrie', mawrie
Moyr, to milk a sheep
Mosie, full of moss
Mou, the mouth
Mouth, sense of mouth
Mouthie, of or belonging to mouth
Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much
Muckle-[illegible], pot
Muckle-[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and power
Muse, sense of muse
Myfel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not any
Nae-[illegible]
Naething, or nothing, nothing

Naig, a horse
Nabbur, a neighbour
Nawtie, naughty
Nashakin, neglected
Nick, stock
Nick, name
Nicker, the fox
Nimmin', handful
Nigger, a negroe
Nine tailed cat, a hangman's whip
Nifter, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
Nit, a nit
Nowte, black cattle
Norland, of or belonging to the North
Notic't, noticed
Nor-west, North-west
Noticlis, unnoticed, unknown

O

O', Of
Observin, observing
Ony, or onie, any
Or, *is often used for* ere, before
O't, of it
Outin, skimming, dunging
Outsh, or outsh, outshoot
Outwin, out herself
Owre, over, too
Owre lip, a way of striking a blow with a hammer over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve dozen of which
Pinch, pounds
Parliamentin, at parliament
Parlish, external pudding, a well known Scotch dish
Pang, to cram
Panin, running, fly
Panlin, proud, haughty
Pannich, a pannidge
Pat, did put; a pot
Pay't, paid, hate
Paulin, or paulin, a plough-staff
Pech, to fetch the breath short *as in an asthma*
Pechan, the crop, the stomach
Pettin, to cherish; a plough-staff
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Peelin, peeling
Perfawlin, perfidy
Phrasin, fair speaches, flattery; to flatter
Phrasin, flattery
Pit, to put
Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pickin, a small quantity
Plotin, dress of plots
Plack, an old Scotch coin
Plackitly, penniless
Pillin, a stick
Plow, or plough, a plough
Plumpit, did plump
Plenty, a public proclamation
Poortith, poverty
Poukin, or poukin, pulling
Poukery, like poukin
Pouk, to pluck
Pow, to pull
Pow't, did pull
Poutin, a little or cute
Pownie, a little horse
Pow, shoulder, the shoulder
Poss, a pouch, a chitlin
Pouting, pouting
Prickly, pouch, fussy

Pressing, [illegible]
Pick, [illegible], to [illegible]
Pitiful, [illegible]
Pitying, pitying
Proof, proof
Print, print
Proposed, to lay down, to propose
Provide, [illegible], provide
Prize, to value
Pris'd, valued
Pryse, a pin
Pryse, pulsed, pressed
Pushing, pushing
Pyke, a pyke / cuff, a single grain of chaff

Q.

QUAY, a quay
Quick, [illegible]
Quickly, quickly
Quite, a [illegible] one year to two years old

R.

RAM-Pard's, fatigued, overtired
Ranging, ranging
Ramping, ramping
Ramsy, rank, fleshy, fourbish
Rare, a rare
Rattle, to rattle [illegible]
Rate, to rate, rate'd, rated, rating, rating
Rax, to stretch
Rack, a rack, rack loft, a loft of [illegible]
Rain-bow, [illegible], thoughtless
Raisy, [illegible], very wild
Raguard, the plant ragwort
Ratten, a rat

Raughly, roughly
Raiser, [illegible], [illegible]
Raw, half drunk, fuddled
Rapes, [illegible]
Reek, fumes; to fumes, reeking, fumbling, reekie, fumeth, fumy
Receiving, receiving
Red-weed, flesh-weed
Remedy, remedy
Remembring, remembring
Reach, to hand reliver
Reachie, hand reliver, fleetest, [illegible]
Reave, to rob
Regard, regarded
Rid, [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Rigg, a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
Rind, the [illegible] of the [illegible], a [illegible]
Ribb, [illegible] a [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]
Rig, a [illegible]
Rumble, to [illegible], to [illegible]
Rumble, [illegible]
Rumble, [illegible]
Rumpet, [illegible], or [illegible] a [illegible]
Rumpy, to rub, to [illegible]
Rum'd, rubed, [illegible]
Rumming, [illegible]
Rund, [illegible] through for the [illegible]
Rung, round, in the circle of [illegible]
Rushie, to gushie, to [illegible]
Rifes, [illegible]
Rying, a [illegible], a [illegible]

Rung, a cudgel
Rumbl'd, rumbled
Runt, the stem of cabbage or cabbage
Rustling, rustling
Rhyming, rhyming

S

'S, is
Sae, so
Sang, a song
Sair, to serve; sore
Sairly or sairlie, sorely
Saint, saved
Saul, soul
Saunt, a saint
Sark, a shirt
Sarkie, provided in shirts
Sale, sale
Sally, to sally
Sawing, sawing
Say, see
Scab, scabbed, *scurvy*, *foul*
Scaldrum, *scurvy*
Sauch, the willow
Scaun, a kind of bread
Scaiver, to glide swiftly along
Scaiverin, *gleefully*, *swiftly*
Screechin, screeching
Scraal, to tear; a rent
Scar, to scare
Scauld, or scold, *scowling*, *scolding*
Scawl, a scold
Scawd, to scold
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scaurie', *timorous*
Scaing, to scant, *scringe*, *did scant*, *scanty*
Scamner, a loathing; to loathe
Scatch, to scratch *or a hen*, *partridge*, *&c.*
Scrichin, *screaming*
Sel, self, *a body's self*, *one's self alone*
Sete, *sets off*, *goes away*
Sed'd, did see
Sizzlin, sizzling, *to get a sizzlin*, to be frighted into quietude
Sell'd, did sell
Sizzin, sizzing
Servan', servant
Sez', to send, *sez't*, send it
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
Shootin, shooting
Shoulder, the shoulder
Shower, shower
Shrug-shank, *to think one's self one shrug-shank*, to be ashamed
Shin, *to shin*, to scamper
Shin'd, shinned
Shanger, a little club at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of nuzzling, or to frighten him away
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber
Shog, a shock
Shine, bright shining
Shaws-moor, *Sheriff-moor*, *the famous battle fought in the Rebellion*, A. D. 1715.
Sheel, a shovel
Sheird, a shard, shard
Shill, shrill
Sic, such
Simmer, summer
Siller, silver, money
Sittin, sitting
Sin', since
Sin, a sun

Sicker, ſure, ſteady
[illegible]
Sidelins, ſidelong, ſlanting
[illegible]
Skriegh, a ſcream; to ſcream
Skaith, to damage, to injure; injury
Sklent, ſlant; to run aſlant, to deviate from truth
Sklented, ran, or hit in an oblique direction
[illegible]
Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female ſcolding
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled
Skirl, to ſhriek, to cry ſhrilly
Skirl't, ſhrieked
Skirling, ſhrieking, crying
Skelp, to ſtrike, to ſlap; to walk with a ſmart tripping ſtep; a ſmart ſtroke
Skelpin, ſtepping, walking ſmartly
Slaw, ſlow
Slae, ſloe
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
Slade, did ſlide
Slee, ſly, *ſleeſt*, ſlyeſt
Slype, to fall over as a wet *furrow from the plough*
Slypet, fell
Sleekit, ſleek
Sliddery, ſlippery
Sma', ſmall
Smiddie, ſmithy
Smytrie, a numerous collection of ſmall individuals
Smoor, to ſmother, *ſmoor'd*, ſmothered
Smoutie, ſmutty, obſcene, ugly
Smeddum, duſt, powder, mettle, ſenſe
Snaw, ſnow, to ſnow
Snawie, ſnowy
Snaw-broo, melted ſnow
Snaſh, abuſe, Billingſgate
Sneeſhin, ſnuff, *ſneeſhin-mill*, ſnuff-box
Snowk, to ſcent or ſnuff as a dog, *horſe*, &c.
Snowkit, ſcented, ſnuffed
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving
Sneck, the latchet of a door.
Snoove, to go ſmoothly and conſtantly, to ſneak
Snoov't, went ſmoothly
Snell, bitter, biting
Sned, to lop, to cut off
Snool, one whoſe ſpirit is broken with oppreſſive ſlavery; to ſubmit tamely, to ſneak
Sonſie, having ſweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly
Sowther, ſolder; to ſolder, to cement
Souple, flexible, ſwift
Soom, to ſwim
Sowp, a ſpoonful, a ſmall quantity of any thing liquid
Sootie, ſooty
Sobbin, ſobbing
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whiſtle
Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Souter, a ſhoemaker
Spaul, a limb
Sparklin, ſparkling
Spier, to aſk, to enquire
Spier't, enquired
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
Spunkie, mettleſome, fiery; will o' wiſp or *ignis fatuus*
Sportin, ſporting
Spak, did ſpeak
Springin, ſpringing
Speel, to climb

Spinchow, a tobacco pouch
Spout, a scouring torrent after rain or thaw
Spraing, to dash, to fall as with rain
Spraich, frisked
Spreen, the country parlour
Spue, to prophesy, to divine
Spurle, a tough rooted plant resembling lime twigs
Spurtle, full of spirit
Sprattle, to scramble
Sprawl, sprawing
Spravin, having the spavin
Spraich'd spotted, speckled
Sprice, a freak, a riot, a whim
Sprittier, a splatter; to splatter
Spring, a quick air in music, a thirsty pool
Sprunt, a worm, a grub
Spunk, a firebrand, a firework, to fumigate
Spunter, to flutter in water as a wild duck, &c.
Spurtle, to spread
Stack, to finish, *stack'd*, *did* finish
Stack, a thatch
Stacher, to totter, to gallop
Stacher'd, fractured, gallop'd
Stacher, cabbage, dance of any kind
Stach, to fast; a stitch
Stach, to cram the belly
Stachin, cramming
Stacht, to run as cattle *stacht by the gadfly*
Stacher, to stalk, to fire
Stacher, tumble; to stalk
Stachin, stalked
Stachin, an insult
Stack, a rick
Stang or Stang, a tool of *iron* or *silk* with a handle
Stank, to flinch, *stanks*, *stanked*
Stanpin, stamping
Stanker, to flagge
Stap, to stay
Stare, *stare*, *to die a fair stare death*, to die in bed
Starch, did falter
Starke, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Starch, starched, to stretch, *starkit*, stretched
Starnerch, half-witted
Starre, dull, *more particularly* dull in motion
Stark, a cow, or bullock a year old
Stark, an ox
Starn, sounding hollow, *strong* and hearty
Starnin, starnin
Starch, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Starvin, starving
Starnin, starning
Starnin, starning
Starn, old fool; to farfeit
Starn, fallen
Starnin, by health
Staff, cane, or pole of any kind
Stabble, stubble, *stabble-rig*, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the land
Stane, spinning frame of any kind; an idle, stupid
Stanin, stunt of flax
Stanin, firm, compacted
Stagh, a pool of standing water
Stagh, stunt
Stag, stang, *stagg*, strength

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Stow, to stay or stop
Stowt, stout
Stowpey, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
Stoyen, tall and hand-some
Strewin, strewing
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stoshin, stashing
Stoshin, stash of stump
Stoshin, to stashin
Stick an' Stow, totally, altogether
Stoshin, finger
Sugh, the continual rushing noise of wind or water
Southern, Southern, an old name for the English nation
Sul, Sunild
Sung, an exchange; to barter
Swirl, a curve, an obliquity; knot or peel, a knot in wood
Swipin, hungry, full of haste
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an indefinite wavering in choice
Swash, flashy, jolly
Swashin, or frisker, a tight flapping young fellow or girl
Swatch, a sample
Swith! get away!
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swinger, beating, whipping
Swoind, swoon
Swot, did sweat
Swowin, swowing
Swow, swoon, did swoon
Swith'd, hastened
Swur, hay, cocks, shock-fagot, commonly cocks
Swatin, sweating
Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAE, a toe, *three tae'd*, having three prongs
Tassel, or tassle, matted together, *flakes of hair or wool*
Tak, to take, takin, taking
Taigle, a fox wood
Tattl, or tatl, told
Taunt, to taunter at one's misfortune
Taunt'd, mentioned
Tattlin, talking
Tawth, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *flakes of a hedge, cow, &c.*
Tip, the top
Tipper, a health, thoughtless young person
Tipsifoll, healthful, healthy
Tipsifoolin, supplementary
Tiny-lumbin, a fairer
Tent, a field publick, hand, candlin; to take heed
Tiddlin, handling, caressing
Tiddlin, handling
Tough, tough, *tough-worthy*
Tow, flaxen spinning
Towlin, towing
Tun horse-hire, a tight fault to the bottle while in the pride in the humour
Thick, thick, *thick and rough, clustered, numerous*
Thrang, thronged, *crowded*
Thrawn, perverse
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thile, to tile, *roofing*

Thae, those
Thaikie, thickly,
Thamakor, pot-sculk, confidently
Thankin, thinking
Thanqit, thanked
Thanqin, thanking
Thanrichie, cold, dry, frost, *spoken of a person's demeanour*
Thaw, a thaw; to thaw
Thawkit, thawed
Thawgh, to go on with, to make out
Thawkin, thawing
Thaiken, small gear, fiddle-faddle
Themsel, themselves
Thefil, thyself
Thegl, to make a loud, inconsistent noise
Theiter, to speak, to twill, to stammer
Theiter, twitched, twilled, stammered
Theitter, twitter, &c.
Themsel, themselves
Thenkit, thinked
Thirl, to thrill
Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
Thirsty, thick, hoarse
Thoug, to stammer by dint of hesitation
This, these
Thiser, the other
Thimmer, timber, *Timmer-frogs*, prepared with timber
Thir, to it
Thirkin, a thicker
Thirl, to hole, rent, hole
Thirlpot, *pot-pence*
Thirlin, *the hole*
Thirsle, *a thistle*
Thirsle, *an thistle*
Thirl, *an thistle a flight mile*, to thrill
Thirlin, *unravelling*
Thy, a man
Thyrsie, rough, shaggy
Tocsin, *tocsin*
Toot, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope
Tobbie, to totter like the walk of a child
Tobbin, tottering
Tod, a fox
Toop, a man
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house
Tocher, a marriage portion
Tapin, to totter like old age
Tummuch, a twelvemonth
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Trafoirie, trash
Trouth, truth, a petty oath
Tryin, trying
Trow, to believe
Trankumgilly'd, *mangled*, *cut*, *mutilated*
Trig, *spruce*, *neat*
Trimly, *carelessly*
Trotin, *trotting*
Thrikie, full of tricks
Tryt, wyed
Tumsie, *tumsie*
Tup, *ram kind*, *of goat*, *in old times*, *plough-share were frequently made*
Tykie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Twa, two
Twa-thirie, a few
Twah, twelve, *Twahpennyworth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth
Twin, to part
Twnch, *to wrench*
Tyke, a dog

U

UNCOUTH, *unco*
Unco, *strange*, *uncouth*, *very great*, *prodigious*

Unkie, uncle
Unkiddy'd, unchanged, unhurt
Unsoldering, disjointing
Unknowth, unknown
Upo', upon

V

VAPIRS, vapouring
Vast, very
Vat, a tub; vessel; a cistern, &c.

W

WA', wall, *Wa's*, walls
Was, was; *Sarah* fed
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
Wadna, would not
Waddle, prodigality
Wad, or wadd, would
Wady, wadding, eager on enacting wonder
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work with
Warl, world
Wale, choice; to chuse
Wal'd, chose, chosen
Wame, the belly, *Wamefu'*, a bellyfull
Warran, a warrant; to warrant
Webster, a weaver
Wauken, to awake
Wauferie! or wauneie! alas! O the pity!
Waur, worse; to wrest
Waur'd, wrested
Wauch, a wizard
Wadd'd, or wad'd, wrestled
Wauddie, rubbish

Wat, wot; *I wat*, I wot, I have
Wabbanie, unlucky
Wabbit, tired, made of wool and water, finely without the addition of silk, horse, &c.
Wadle, blackbird, *or fieldfare*, *Ill chick*
Waddle, to fetch, to reel
Waddle, a pole, a wand
Wab, to lay out, unravel
Wabby, weak, lazy, lifeless as an imitation of *Ill-luck*
Wab, the web
Wabber, walking
Wee, little, *Weedinge*, little one, *Weedie*, a small mutch
Weel, well, *Weefare*, welfare
Weem, or weemie, a child
Weelan, wanted
Weel'd, wanted
Weenie, or weenie, much a worse lady, many a different person
Weet, rain, wetness
Whe, who
Whaes, whose
Where, where, *Where'er*, wherever
Whylie, whilom, formerly
Whillie, a whistle; to whistle
Whang, a leather thong, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the fingers
Whang, to fly nimble, to jerk, pony chap, small lass
Whin-flow, a whin-flow
Whiggamore, which amounts, drifting, squabbling
Whigmaleerie, whims, fancies, crotchets

Whisht! silence! to hold one's whisht, to be silent

Whissle, to whistle

Whisk, to sweep, to lash

Whiskit, lashed

Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frighted, a lie

Whiddin, running as a hare or coney

Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor

Whunstane, a whinstone

Whippit, whipped

Wi', with

Win', wind, Win's, winds

Wimple, to meander

Wimpl't, meandered

Wimplin, waving, meandering

Winna, will not

Winnock, a window

Winkin, winking

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling

Withoutten, without

Win, to wind, to winnow

Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn

Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel

Winze, an oath

Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife

Wizen'd, hide-bound, dryed, shrunk

Wiss, to wish

Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted

[illegible]

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation

Wonderfu', wonderfully wonderfully

Woo', wool

Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops

Worset, worsted

Wordy, worthy

Wrack, to teaze, to vex

Wrang, wrong; to wrong

Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death

Wud, mad, distracted

Wumble, a wimble

Wyte, blame, to blame

Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

YEAR, *is used for both sing. and plur.* years

Yell, barren, that gives no milk

Yerk, to lash, to jerk

Yerkit, jerked, lashed

Yestreen, yesternight

Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals

Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *Thou*

Yill, ale

Yird, earth

Yoursel, yourself

Yont, beyond

Youthfu', youthful

Yokin, yoking, a bout

Yowe, a ewe

Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe

Yule, Christmas

F I N I S.